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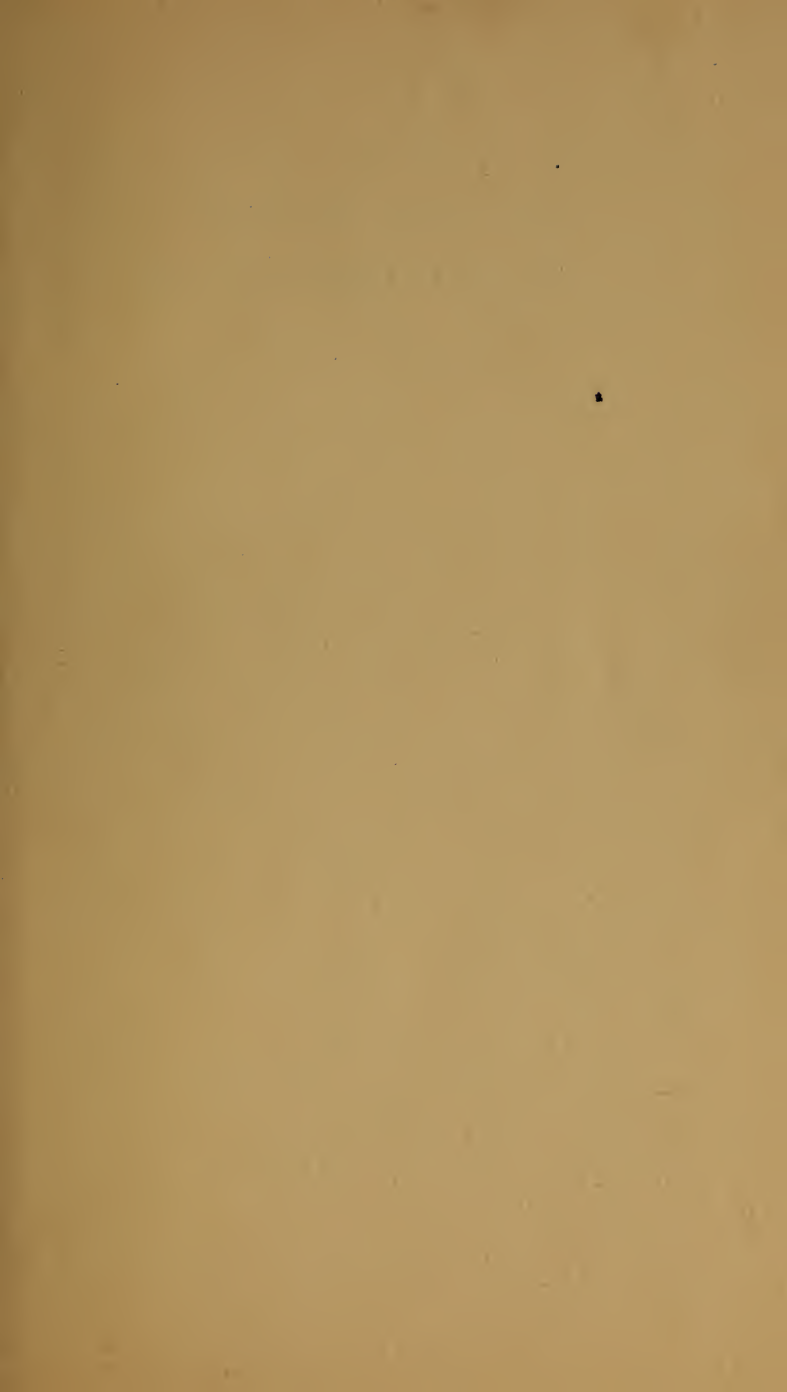


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MAUNA ROA
AND OTHER POEMS

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AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

AMES BROOKS

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TO
MY MOTHER
IN
HER OWN SPIRIT
OF
ETERNAL YOUTH

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MAUNA ROA

All day, along the mountains by the Gate,
The ocean mists lay like a battle-cloud,
Rolling their formless phantoms through the strait,
Wrapping the white-walled city in a shroud.

All day at anchor in the roads we stood,
Watching the circling sea-gulls wheel and
scream,
Where Sausalito hangs above the flood,
Dreaming all day her rapt Italian dream.

* * * * *

Thus we set sail. The harbor heads sank low,
The iron coast-line where the sea-birds veered;
The waves took up their music round the bow,
And south and west into the mists we steered.

A fearful sea—uncharted—without path—
Calm with the calm that knows nor gale nor
snows,
Bearing the terror of an hidden wrath,
Majestic in its terrible repose.

Shoreless and lone—illimitable—vast—
Where all the wastes of ocean take their toll
Of desolate wave-lashed reef, of alien mast,
From Honuapo to the austral pole.

Out of the south, dripping with damp and dew,
The haunting trade-winds drove the heaving
seas;
The magic of the equatorial blue
Purpling their flanks—and seaweed on their
knees.

On—on—southward and south again we bore,
The isles of gold and summer almost won;
The old world-wonder there—so close before—
As still our dripping prow went thundering on.

* * * * *

*Glory! the Voices said,
Life! Life and Glory!
Romance is never dead,
Your days, nor all their story!*

*Beyond this dreaming tide,
So still as you depart,
Some haven must abide
For each adventurous heart!*

* * * * *

We came to rest among the Thundering Isles,
Where wayworn ships put in, with courses
furled,
Where wan sea-summits rise, a thousand miles
Beyond the utmost echoes of the world.

Enchanted island-mountains, rimmed with sand,
Shorelands of moving waters and of cloud;
A world of fronded palms and faery strand,
And peaks of sunset, mist-capped, thunder-
browed.

Down from those vapory cliffs and heights of
dawn,

By crag and precipice of livid green,
The murmurous cataract of filmy lawn,
Dissolved its music through the rifts between;

To flow, at length, through flower-bordered
meads,

Where still the honey-hearted lotus blooms,
Which wanderers eat of still—whose pathway leads
Downward to Lethe and a thousand dooms.

And Ah! the haunting light of afternoon
Flooding that world with far-flung mists of gold,
As though all life were stilled into a swoon,
Become a legend, and forever old;

As though there played across the purple vales
The nameless beauty for which dreamers pine,
As though all tender, dim-remembered tales,
And all sad things, found here their anodyne.

* * * * *

The mild sea-island people on the beach
Crowned us with scented wreaths of deathless
flowers,
We heard the prattle of melodious speech
Drowning the passage of the languorous hours,

The flashing breakers on the distant reefs,
The wild sea-music beating in our ears;
And dim grew all the memories of our griefs,
And all we had been in the vanished years.

Languid and heavy-lidded, half asleep,
 Beneath the shadows of the clambering vine,
We ate the purple *fei*, and drained deep
 The *kava*-bowl, which ran with Circe's wine.

We tasted all the pleasures of the feast,
 Song and the wanton dance, and wine again;
We revelled in the raptures of the beast,
 'Til we forgot the gods that made us men;

Forgot the hearths we had been reared beside,
 The white, clean women who had been our
 wives,
Honor and fame, nobility and pride,
 All that had been immortal in our lives.

* * * * * * *

Then we set sail again—a ship of dream—
 Drifting below that coastline weird and dim,
A ship asleep upon a drowsy stream,
 Scarce moving toward that lonely ocean rim.

In frail canoes under the looming land
 Our island friends lay tossing on the swell,
Waving with mystic play of arm and hand,
 Their blossom-laden branches in farewell.

The songs they sang—a chorus-chant of ghosts—
 Half-heard and distant, passed us like a dirge
All day, until at last their phantom coasts
 Lay but a tenuous shadow on the verge.

* * * * * * *

*Enough! the Voices said,
Of Life and Glory;
You slumber with the dead,
And, with you, all your story.*

*Then rest, and so outlast
The sighing of the deep,
And let the lotus cast
O'er all its poppied sleep!*

* * * * *

Then we awoke—"Ah, lookout, from the mast,
"Gaze south again! Ah! Captain, trim the
sail!
"Turn back," we cried, "the tempest rises fast;
"Turn back! Turn back! before the compass
fail!"

"Our voyage is past; what do we on this deep?
"Give us once more our slumber in the sun;
"Give us forgetfulness and honied sleep;
"Give us our ease again 'til life be done!"

We swung the vessel in the fading light;
Shook out each yard of canvas which hung
furled;
And thus returning through the tropic night,
We beached her as the morning smote the
world.

TO OMAR

Singer of life and joy and love unsleeping!
Preacher of rest, of noontide and the sun!
Where art thou, now that yesterdays are done?
Does Time still haunt thee, some tomorrow creeping
 into
Into thy dream? Or art thou, rather, steeping
Body and soul in slumber, hardly won?
Tell us, since all thy thread of years was spun,
What pleasant country hath thee in its keeping?

Some gentle haven, sunlit and forsaken,
Perchance thou holdest for us wanderers,
 Brother;
Some harbor-valley by no wild winds shaken,
When we shall rest in earth, the common
 mother;
When nevermore shall trump nor tumult waken,
Nor Love, nor Sleep, nor Death, nor any
 other.

THE WANDERERS

The rushing wave is white with foam,
Leagues, leagues behind—our island home;
For aye distressed, unsatisfied,
We tempt again the western tide
Where'er the winds our bark shall bear;
 Yet Avalon, O Avalon,
Perchance we may cast anchor there!

Her vales sleep in the western sea,
Where all the haunts of dreamers be;
Her marts gleam distant, like a star,
Where Ogier and where Arthur are;
Where lovers linger on the stair;
 O Avalon, O Avalon,
Could we but come to harbor there!

Our day is dark, we may not see,
Though there the night as day may be;
The sunset dies beyond the deep,
The labor first and then the sleep;
The gifts of gods are all too rare;
 Yet Avalon, O Avalon,
Could we but dream for ever there!

RONDEAU

Poor autumn leaves! The winds will roam
Awhile above your forest tomb,
 Lost in the shadows and the dew;
 Then Earth, the mother that you knew,
Will ope her arms and take you home.

For you must die—lie withered—numb,
Yet will you never sigh in some
 Wild longing for when Spring was new,
 Poor autumn leaves?

I shall, I know, when earthly hum
Shall fade afar and I be dumb,
 These verses fail and yet come true,
 And I at length be one of you.
Alas! alas! that death must come,
 Poor autumn leaves!

CORONEL

"So the scales of fate descended against Admiral Craddock, who, sailing north from the Horn, on Sunday, November first, ran with his three cruisers into Von Spee's squadron of five, off Coronel on the coast of Chili."

—Admiralty Report.

North from the Horn he sailed
On the long Pacific swell,
While the rising storm-wind wailed
O'er the deeps of Coronel;

Those vast, unsounded deeps,
Which mark the Chilean main,
Where the wild sea-wind sweeps
Up to the Andes' chain.

Under those iron coasts,
Looming like fate, there lay,
A silent line of ghosts,
The cruisers of Von Spee.

"Canopus," far astern,
Flashed through the dying day:
"Hold them awhile and turn;
"Hold them an hour at bay!

"You are but three to five—
"Outranged by 'Gneisenau'.
(The radio seemed alive)
"I shall engage them now."

"I shall engage them now."
(Old sea-dogs of the main!
Drake, have you kept your vow?
Sail you the seas again?

Ah, galleons of Cathay!
The Dutchman and the Don!
But when had ye such a day
As this to die upon?)

Out of the blood-red West
The seething combers ran,
Burying 'neath each crest
Turret and top and man.

Main batteries all awash
From tumble-home to rail,
Drowning with surge and crash,
The shrieking of the gale.

Out-gunned, out-steamed, out-manned,
He closed with the Prussian crew,
Closed with a brief command,
Closed as the English do.

The Chilean coast looms dark
Where the Cordillera runs,
And the spotters had no mark
Save the flash of German guns.

A moment—three—"Good Hope,"
Aflame from keel to deck,
Swerved from the line agrope,
A plunging, drifting wreck.

Her magazines are gone,
 "Monmouth" is sinking fast;
Shattered and rent, alone,
 "Glasgow" turns south at last.

And there is no more day,
 Nor any left to fight
The victors three: Von Spee,
 The hurricane and night.

Fathom on fathom deep
 "Good Hope" and "Monmouth" lie,
Where English sailors sleep
 That glory shall not die;

That faith be kept with Thee
 That willed it, and hast said
That every utmost sea
 Should coffin England's dead.

Grenville and Hood and Blake,
 Again the story tell!
Brother-in-arms of Drake,
 Craddock at Coronel!

SLEEP

"Sleep, Twin Brother of Death"—Hesiod.

Strange that thou would'st deceive us, gentle sleep,
For thou thyself art full of lightsome rest;
Yet hast thou a twin brother sably drest,
And yet so like thee that men ofttimes weep,
Seeing him in thee, when thou art cold and deep.
He brings the chilling winds and, in his breast,
Pale immortality; but thou art best,
Thou breath from lands that deathless lovers keep!

Yet oft, when in wan dreams my bark doth go,
Silent along some dim Hesperian shore,
Half knowing I must wake again to woe,
I often drift, all careless of the oar,
And think—and think—until I cannot know
If I do love thee or thy brother more.

HYMN TO PERSEPHONE

Λάμ βανε, Περσεφόνα, τὸν ἐμὸν πάσιν ἐσσὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ
Πολλὸν ἐμοῦ κρεσσῶν. τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς σὲ καταρρεῖ.
—Bion.

All hail to fond Demeter,
But thrice all hail to thee,
That art than Summer sweeter,
O pale Persephone!

Thine be a long thanksgiving,
That art than Spring more fair;
Thou hast no love of living,
Yet harken to our prayer.

We may not dwell forever
Beneath the pleasant sun,
But thou hast been the giver
And may thy will be done.

Yet spare us, spare us, mother!
For life and song are dear;
And life with thee is other
Than we have known it here.

With thee nor vine nor coppice
Grows, where the birds may sing;
A weary land of poppies
Without or sun or Spring.

The Fates at length shall bear us
Through thy consuming fire;
But now, oh mother, spare us
Life, and our love's desire.

Quench not the dying ember,
O wan Persephone!
For all that men remember
Drifts down at length to thee.

THE LAST VOYAGE

*"Ma misi me per l'alta mare aperto
Sol con un legno, e con quella compagna
Picciola, dalla qual non fui deserto."*

—Inferno, XXVI, 100.

We sailed, at length, to where that shore-land ends
Which the unbreasted western billow laves,
By coasts which rang with voices of lost friends;
"Ulysses sails again!" Where Ocean raves,
Imprisoned in the depths of his sea-caves,
There rose the echo of some battle-cry:
"Ulysses," and "Ulysses," and the waves
Whispering, called "Ulysses" in reply,
'Til the last land went down into the morning sky.

Far, far behind and all forgotten lay
The sands of home, the lands of wine and corn;
The moan of bees along the pillared way,
The glad, low laughter of the Attic morn;
The clangor of the chase, the dying horn
That brings the evening when the gods draw nigh:
Ah, leaving these, were we not well forlorn!
And yet we sailed, and yet we knew not why,
Save that, beyond the West, perchance men never
die.

I spoke: "O brother mariners, most dear,
Too long I sat, too long a useless king
Beside my idle hearth-stone year by year,
Gaining no glory; hearing travelers sing
No more of Troy and all our wandering;
Penelope is dead; lightly the earth will lie
In Ithaca, that pleasant land of Spring,
Over so dear, so dear a head: and I
Sail now to meet my doom below this western
sky."

"For this to me Tiresias promised,
There in the shades, where the pale asphodel
Borders the flowerless regions of the dead.
Thus spake the seer, thus wove his mighty spell:
Once more in mine own country I should dwell,
But there no quiet death should come to me,
In the dear land that I had loved so well,
But that my death should come out of the sea,
That noblest death which for us mortal men may
be."

"So, seeking fate, with you I seek the West,
Beyond the sunset, and forget the morn:
Perchance this Father Ocean on his breast
Shall bear us to the lands where wander lorn
Our fathers' spirits or the hosts unborn,
Where the last slumber and the shades beguile;
Or, mayhap we shall rest, these days outworn,
Beyond the deep upon some sunlit isle,
Laugh, and grow young, and live our life again
the while."

Thus I addressed them, or another spoke
Who blessed the gods; as from an unseen pyre
All the day long we heard, out of the smoke,
Old tales tuned low upon the Lesbic lyre:
Elysium and the Isles of All Desire,
Or Argo, buried in an endless night:
Until it seemed the gods' eternal fire
Shone at our prow, like glint of helmet bright,
When Father Phoebus fell, and snatched away the
light.

And one would dream again of windy Troy,
And one of Circe, one the Sirens' shore,
But most of fatherland and wife and boy,
And all the glad returning from the war;
Of hearth, of home, and all the nevermore;
Yet through that pleasant sadness fell a gleam
From all the hero-life now past and o'er,
Yet never longed for; Ah, so sweet did seem
This dreaming to awake, or waking dream a
dream!

So came we to the land beyond the world,
Where the last cloud-banks of the twilight
stand,
Where Phoebus' golden steeds are never whirled;
Where, on the utmost verge of Ocean's strand,
The falling stars dip in the sunset. "Land,"
Was our cry, "The Happy Isles!" Ah then, at
last,
That sea, obedient to the Fates' command,
Like a great gulf rose and o'ertopped our mast,
And over us the foaming billow roared—and
passed.

RHINE MAIDEN

There sits the cold Rhine Maiden
Above the haunted tide,
With laurel garlands laden
Of heroes who have died.

Dank osiers bind her tresses,
(Day-dreams are not more fair)
The heroes whom she blesses
In silence she caresses,
For never sound comes there.

Silent the waves that waft her
Along her enchanted sea ;
Music, and dead mens' laughter ;
Deeds that shall fail hereafter,
And things that cannot be.

With laurel garlands laden,
Men offered in their pride,
Ah, scorn not ours, Rhine Maiden,
When we too shall have died.

KITCHENER

(June 5, 1916)

*"So Greatheart passed over, and all the trumpets
sounded for him on the other side."*

The German Ocean reaches
Are gray 'neath northern skies,
By Orkneys' eastern beaches,
And there the "Hampshire" lies.

* * * * *

*O soul unspoiled of woman,
Cleanest of manly clay,
That brought, despite the foeman,
An empire into day!*

*Searcher of long-lost cities,
Master of fate and clime,
Careless of hates and pities,
Greater than all, save Time!*

*Ruling, for England's glory,
Glacier and tropic sand—
Omdurman—Ruwenzori—
Cabul and Samarcand.*

*O soul of Empire, keeping
Her every martial trust!
O soul of England, sleeping
With all her martial dust!*

* * * * *

Doubtless that night the conquering blast
Triumphant took its toll,
Knowing its fellowship at last
With his, the Iron Soul.

And all the trumpets of the deep,
Where the lone Orkneys frown,
Blew up, to usher him to sleep,
When Kitchener went down.

TO GATHER AND TO SPEND

Had we been born to gather and to spend,
To seek the prize which is the common aim;
Had we not heard the trumpet-call of fame
Out of the night that shrouds us loud intend,
(That bugle-call whose wreathéd echoes end
Across the world, to light it flame on flame)
Ah, then no bitterness of heart should blame
These years that roll so swiftly to an end.

Still, let them pass; time runs beyond our ken;
And here and now as we unwilling go
Mere busy idlers in the marts of men,
Fainter and far I hear that trumpet blow.
Courage! All echoes die at last—Ah, then
We shall not hear and 'twill be better so.

CONTRADICTIONS

You loved me not for crown or gold,
Or glory that is soon forgot,
Or pomp or power manifold;
You loved in me what I was not.

Because, perhaps, I stood apart,
Seeing a vision half unveiled,
Lost in the dream that made my art—
You loved me so because I failed.

Because, while meaner spirits stood
Untouched by Pan's eternal spell,
With the god's fever in my blood,
You loved me so because I fell.

Because I asked no sunlight in,
Because I recked not of the cost,
Because I aimed too high to win,
You loved me so because I lost.

LAMENT FOR ALCIMUS
(From the Latin of Martial)

Ah Alcimus, lost, lost through all the years!
Whom this lone roadside tomb forever holds,
Expect no monument save these, my tears,
For pride alone ashes in marble folds.

This simple hedge I'll plant, this shadowy vine,
These meadow flowers watered with my tears:
Accept, dear one, these memories of mine,
And let them dwell with thee immortal years.

And when the Fates appoint mine hour for sleep,
May I beside thee lie, my dreams as deep.

THE LORELEI

Where elfin lights are gleaming,
Where shadow-ships put by,
There sits for aye, and seeming
Weary and full of dreaming,
The haunted Lorelei.

Where comes no old world sighing,
Nor shout nor bugle's blare,
Save that, from hills low-lying
Afar, floats in the dying
And tender Elfland air,

Bearing the distant thunder
Of armies in the sun,
Where kings and captains blunder;
But here, with thanks, men wonder
That that is past and done;

That evermore, unshifting,
Summers to summers creep,
Here where, the veil uplifting,
Their purple dreams go drifting
Adown the shores of sleep.

All tapestried her palace,
The ghostly tides above,
Heroes in slumbrous valleys,
Whose stories are a chalice,
And men shall drink thereof.

Here by some promontory
The Argonauts go on,
And here, full writ, the story
Of Arthur and his glory,
Asleep in Avalon:

Here an old dream is clinging
Round Barbarossa's pride;
And here, like distant singing,
The horns afar are ringing,
The day that Roland died.

And half at times believing
Her shadow-world astir,
She doth forget her grieving,
For these are all her weaving,
And they are parts of her,

Whose eyes, as if half swooning,
She droops to lashes long,
As weary mother's, crooning
In the still summer nooning,
Her wordless slumber song.

We dream our dreams together
Unsure of everything;
Of life, of death, or whether
For us this autumn weather
Shall turn again to Spring.

But this we know securely,
 Though Time and Fate deter,
That those who love her purely
Shall see her face, and surely
 Shall come to rest with her.

Slumber itself shall wake us,
 The Lorelei shall keep,
And nevermore forsake us,
For She—the Soul—shall take us
 To that immortal sleep.

HOMER

It seemed there passed a glory from my days
When I beheld the shores of youth depart:
It seemed life ended there as, with a start,
I saw (as, trapped, I struggled in this maze)
Fast falling landward all that golden haze,
Wherewith the unseen enwraps the childish
heart,
Melt out for over, and my little art
Go lost amid the moaning ocean ways.

But when my goodly ship with sails unfurled
Drew on, and all the breezes seaward blew,
My self awoke again; all that before
I had been, still I was; myself anew
I saw move on, still walking evermore,
With Homer in the fresh dawn of the world.

CHICKAMAUGA

"Let us cross the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

Thick rolled the ghostly shadows by the river
At Chickamauga—stilled the morning breeze;
Along the marge I saw the aspens quiver
Like sentinels of death among the trees.

Like sentinels of death—Ah yes, for ever
Those crowding footfalls haunt this whispering
shore,
Those sunburnt battle-flags advance and waver,
The brass-lipped batteries wheel and turn once
more.

Beyond the half-lit copse I saw you coming,
(Or were they wraiths that from the river
curled?)
The shout, the charge, the shock, the distant
drumming,
Immortal infantry that shook a world!

Speak! Do your fifty summers still remember
(The twilight freshen and the night bedew)
The battle-smoke of that long-done September?
Earth-slumberers now,—do men remember you?

You, and the long, long thunder of your marching,
The fitful agony of trench and grave,
The heartache, and the young Republic watching
The youth it summoned and the youth you gave?

And is there still no voice to hymn your story,
 (Thus long though ye have rested from your
 wars)

The drums, the wailing trumpets of your glory,
 Eternal bivouackers among the stars?

Will there no prophet rise, no bard to school us,
 No singer of the splendor of our race?

How long, how long shall priests of mammon rule
 us,

 The Jew and swineherd of the market-place?

Hark! All the laurel is a-quiver

 In Paradise (I hear it on the breeze)

Ah, hero-hearts that rest across the river,

 And slumber in the shadow of the trees!

MONA LISA SPEAKS

Look on me well, yet not too long, I pray;
The shadow of my smile hath made men mad;
I am the heart of youth that once was glad,
I am the soul of all life passed away—
Glory and triumph, oblivion and decay.
Therefore I smile as men do who are sad,
Remembering the dreams that once I had,
In this immortal twilight of my day.

Speak not to me! I slumber; and meseems
The sunlight which I dream of shifts and falls
On still and slumbrous intervalles of streams,
And faery wold 'round gleaming, dream-built
walls,
And veiled interspaces, lit with dreams,
And shadows of old loves along the halls.

KEATS IN ROME

You have a little picture on your wall,
Which I have loved of yore:
A sandy waste, a spectre gaunt and tall,
A stately ship no more,
But ribbed in wreck; and drawing on past all,
The cruel sea which laps the lonely shore.

"Pray for my soul," it says, "pray not like mine
"Thy bark shall thus have lain
"Lost, lost, its humble freight thy precious shrine
"Of pleasure and of pain,
"Ere half its voyage be done—a lost design—
"Beside the gray, unutterable main."

COURAGE

There is no test but courage. Kings have tried,
Caesars and popes and lesser men than these,
With pomp and power, through the centuries,
To cheat old death and darkness by their pride
And so to escape. Not thus the martyrs died,
Lincoln and Wycliffe, Stephen and Socrates,
But facing, though with doubt and bended knees,
The fears the human spirit has defied.

There is no test but courage. When for me
The purple twilight curtain shall draw back,
I shall go out unflinching from the day,
If but some splendid thought my soul shall
stay:
High admirals going down in glorious wrack,
And long-lost sailors sleeping in the sea.

BALLAD

Out of the Summer, out of the South
There rode Sir Belvidere;
And the song of love was in his mouth,
In the spring-time of the year.

* * * * *

"Lo, I have seven castles old
Afar in Sicily,
And thrice three hundred warriors bold
That ride to war with me.

"Along the laughing southern sands
My barks at anchor lie;
But I will see the northern lands
Before I come to die.

"Full twenty summers have I seen
Go by like mountain rills,
Yet never saw I aught but green
Upon the western hills.

"So I will see your winds that blow,
Your chill November skies,
Will walk your purple moors and know
Your twilight in my eyes."

* * * * *

Thus in his will the knight abode,
Nor suffered change at all;
By many a storied stream he rode,
By many a tower and tall;

By many a city's busy shade,
By many a fair demesne;
Through many a sunlit woodland glade,
Where fairy folk are seen.

While, as he rode upon his way,
The clouds came down apace,
And Summer sweet with Autumn gray
Died in a last embrace.

Yet softly did the good knight sing
Of love and summer dear;
I wis he heard not anything
Of moaning in the year.

* * * * *

And now in northern tower and hall
Passed tale and ruddy cup,
And song: and laughed the warriors all
Whenas the horns blew up.

But all without the wind sang low,
In no autumnal moan,
Of days and loves of long ago
And other autumns flown.

The wind among the withered sheaves,
Ah, that was passing drear,
As rustling of old autumn leaves,
Along a moonlit mere.

And yet one voice, o'er lands forlorn,
Rang out as blithe and clear,
As lark's on early summer morn,
Singing that God may hear.

And closer still his mantle drew
The good knight on his way,
And still it seemed no storm that blew
Might drown his endless lay;

'Til the last songster of the Spring
And summer upland wide,
Came fluttering, like a dying thing,
Across his path—and died.

* * * * *

Into the Summer, into the South
There rode Sir Belvidere:
And the song of Spring was in his mouth
At the dying of the year.

GLASTONBURY TOR

Henry of England was a puissant lord;
He dreamed by the Book, but he lived by the
sword;

He fell upon Glastonbury in his holy war
And he hanged the last abbot on Glastonbury Tor.

Winds that blow soft from the shores of Severn
Sea,

Larks in the hedgerows, shadows on the lea;
Gay Anne Boleyn and Catherine Parr,
And the last abbot hanging on Glastonbury Tor!

Crumbling arches dreaming in the sun,
Centuries coming and centuries done;
Launcelot riding on the farther shore,
And the last abbot swinging on Glastonbury Tor!

Sunshine and roses in the Vale of Avalon,
And the sweetest country-side mine eyes have
looked upon;

Arthur and Guinevere and all the nevermore,
And the last abbot sleeping on Glastonbury Tor!

FROM MY WINDOW

On summer eves when I am most uncertain
Of truth, and what we are,
Into my ken, beyond my western curtain,
Swims the lone evening star.

Symbol of all things sad and tender-hearted,
And loves that cannot stay;
Measure of high romance, now long departed,
And vanished from the day!

Slowly, without, the busy city's humming
Fades into night. O gleam
That led me once, now fading, and becoming
An alien to my dream!

I may be over given to repining,
For I have travelled far;
And yet, for me, another Greece is shining
Beyond that sunset star.

SALISBURY CLOSE

"He gave his earthly life for such matter as he set great store by—the honor of his country and his home."—Tennant Memorial, Salisbury Cathedral.

Long shadows on this old cathedral green—
Silence—and Time asleep, or in a trance;
These thousand years of sacred circumstance
Breathing, half-felt, over this still demesne
The living evidence of things not seen.
God! that war's foul and agonizing dance
And all the trampled, bloody fields of France
Should touch a world withdrawn thus and serene!

Ah, to have lived thus with him, and to pass
Thus out of life lived thus complete and whole,
The legend and the glory—drums and brass—
Then, like a dawn, the closing of the scroll;
Eternal sunshine on this English grass,
And his celestial quiet of the soul.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

The Knight he followed the Lady fair,
By the castle crags toward the haunted dale,
He followed the gleam of her golden hair
And he bore in his bosom a wisp of veil.

The Huntsman cried: "Ride not that way,
For Death in the valley is waiting for thee!"
But the Knight rode on and he heard him say:
"Good Sir, thou never hast ridden with me."

And the good Knight came to the haunted dell,
And he kissed the fluttering wisp of veil;
He paused,—breathed deep of the asphodel,
And he followed the Lady into the dale.

BALLAD OF EARL BOWINGE

The flags hung tattered,
The walls were battered,
And stained with gore;
The Danish foemen,
King Olaf's yeomen,
Pressed at the door.

Then spake Earl Walter;
"Upon the altar
"Of their god Thor,
"Must die one being
"Of us, so freeing us
"From this war."

The shouts grew stronger,
The shadows longer,
Across the floor;
Then spake Earl Bowinge:
"Be mine this going
"That comes no more."

"Of all my brothers
Me, ere the others,
My mother bore,
Yet have I broken
That birth-right token,
And cost them sore;
I was forsaken
And, outlawed, taken,
Times a score."

"I never minded
Your subtly-blinded
Makers of lore,
For all my lovers
Were the sea-rovers,
And to soar
Over tumbling surges,
Singing dirges,
To their roar";

"Pulling together,
Through northern weather,
The flashing oar;
And all to follow
The gray sea-swallow,
That fled before."

"I never hearkened,
When shadows darkened
On Bowinge Tor,
To whispered stories
Of all the glories
Of which Christ swore";

"I heard the sighing
Of the Norns, crying
By the lone sea-shore,
And in the thunder
I called in wonder
On Father Thor."

"Then, brothers, marry
Why should I tarry?
 (Or you deplore?)
For though they slay me,
Yet this shall stay me,
 (My soul restore)
Being me man's debtor,
To have died better
 Than lived of yore."

"And though on laughter,
And days hereafter,
 I set no store,
Yet for my living
I yield thanksgiving
 From my heart's core."

"And I shall slumber,
And shall not number
 The seasons o'er,
Having descended
Where light is ended,
 And life no more."

THE SEAFARER

(From the Anglo Saxon.)

Then he awakes again,
Friendless mortal,
To see, spread before him,
The wan sea pathway,
The sea birds soaring,
Spreading their wings,
Rime and snow falling,
Mingling with hail.
Then weigh the heavier
All his heart's sorrows,
Drear after dreaming.
Sorrow revives
When memories of friends
Come crowding to mind.
He greets them with gladness,
Warm is his welcome;
But his warrior comrades
Melt misty away:
And the souls of these sea-farers
Bear with them hither
No message remembered.

FRIENDSHIP

Meseemed I passed, when days were at an end,
Hard by the Tree of Life, along a stream
Whose course far, far away as in a dream
With glistening city walls did meet and blend;
Whither a white-robed throng did with me wend,
Happy with gazing there, each eye agleam.
And one to stop and smile on me did seem,
And clasp my shadowy hand and call me friend.

He spoke. His voice rang hollow in mine ears.
I stood as one that watches by the sea
For the lost ship that bears him son or wife,
(Hearing and dreaming more than that he hears) :
"Hast thou forgot the crust thou sharedst with
me,
"The cup of water in that other life?"

AN EPITAPH

Not his the will to gather
What others may have sown,
In other years, but rather,
To fight his fight alone.

To tread the path of duty,
As soldier, priest and sage;
And trim the lamp of Beauty,
In a material age.

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